

"She is Suspected of Having Wearing of Her Second Husband and Disposed of Him in the Same Manner. The Others are all Dead."



RS. LULU JOHNSTON, aged thirty-four years, is on trial at Pond Creek, Oklahoma, on a charge of poisoning her sixth husband.

She is suspected of having wearied of her second husband and disposed of him in the same manner. The others are all dead, or have mysteriously disappeared. Suspicion points to her as a Lucinda Borgia.

Mrs. Johnston is a small woman with piercing black eyes. She has had six husbands and eighteen children.

Marriage has been an occupation and a recreation with her. "I got married when I felt gloomy and then again when I felt happy," she says, and she adds, "I think

The Johnstons were seated at the dinner table. There had been some quiet conversation about the commonplaces of the day. The neighbors were sure of this, and the passersby glancing casually into the open door saw the mechanic holding his cup while his wife filled it from the coffee pot.

"Let's have another cup, wife. You make the best coffee in town. That's what you do," they heard him say.

That was the first picture. The sequel and companion came five minutes later, when rough Joe Johnston lay gasping on the floor in a death agony.

"It's poisoned I've been. Somebody gave me poison in that coffee," he declared, looking with questioning horror in his eyes at his wife. He died with that question in his glazing eyes.

she has told the story of her strange matrimonial career. In it may be found a possible motive for the murder of big bluff Joe Johnston.

Lulu Murphy, a pretty girl of Irish parentage, lived in the hamlet of Hillsborough, Ill., until she was sixteen years

when they decided that early marriage, and, indeed, any marriage, is a failure. The eighteen-year-old husband decided that red cheeks and black eyes often accompanied bad temper, and the sixteen-year-old bride found the "sunny brown eyes and auburn hair" of her young spouse less

Two children were born to them. The couple was apparently happy. In 1854 Flavius Green died suddenly. There were symptoms of poisoning. The black-eyed wife was suspected, in the parlance of that then lawless region, of having "done him up in a temper." The vigilance committee from the mines held several councils, but it was decided that there was not sufficient evidence to convict, even in that time of snap judgment in judicial affairs. Besides, she was a woman, and the miners of the West were ever chivalrous. But there are old men and women in Ogden who are saying that they always remembered Flavius Green's untimely death and always "suspected her."

A month after her husband's death Mrs. Green married H. B. Church, a private in

per. There was no work for him to do, but I asked him to come in and have some supper. He did so, and during the meal we talked a good deal. I liked the man and he seemed to like me. He was smooth shaven and rather nice in appearance. I told him I couldn't get rid of the idea that I had seen him somewhere before. Perhaps I have only seen some one who looks like you," I said. The man laughed and said he would like to see the fellow that was as ugly as he was. When we had finished supper he thanked me and said: "You seem to be all alone here. Suppose we get married?" I liked his appearance and decided to accept the offer.

"We were married the same day and lived together four years. Then he deserted me as suddenly as he had appeared. I followed him to Hannibal, Mo., where I learned he was married to another woman. He had married me under the name of Frank E. Smith. Upon inquiry from my successor I learned his real name and that he was my father, whom I did not remember.

Husband No. 1

Husband No. 2

Husband No. 3



MRS. LULU JOHNSTON



BEING TRIED FOR POISONING NO. 6.



Husband No. 4

Husband No. 5

Husband No. 6

it is everybody's duty not to stay single." Judge McAtee, who is trying her case, says she is the most remarkable woman he has seen during his forty years on the bench. She denies the charge of poisoning, but most of the circumstances point to her guilt.

Joseph Johnston died suddenly at the dinner table in the humble Johnston home at Lawrence, Kan., on May 17. He was a rough, burly mechanic, with a broad, red, good-natured face. He was belligerent in manner and loud of speech, but kind of heart, said the neighbors and his fellow workmen. He had many more friends than had his small wife. The people who knew the Johnstons did not like her furtive, sharp, black eyes, as hard as the round heads of black shawl pins.

Somebody remembered that questioning look when the funeral formalities were over. The look would not let him rest. It scoured him to the office of the chief of detectives. The chief was a man of energy. Six days after Joe Johnston's death his remains were exhumed. Traces of arsenic were found in his body. His widow was arrested and taken to Pond Creek, Oklahoma, where she is being tried on the charge of murdering her husband. She is calm. She protests her innocence in a dogged way.

"Why should I have killed Joe Johnston?" she says. "I loved him dearly. He never loved me. None of my husbands ever did. But I would not have killed him for that."

Otto Eckstein, a prominent attorney of Wichita, Kan., is defending her. To him

old. There was nothing distinctive about Lulu Murphy, except a pair of unusually keen, brilliant black eyes. She was much like the other girls of the hamlet until she reached her sixteenth year, when she achieved the distinction of an elopement. The bridegroom was William Kent, an average young man of the neighborhood. Their wedded life lasted but a few weeks,

alluring, than she had supposed. Both of the young people returned to their parents. A divorce followed. Mrs. Kent's parents were humiliated by the odium of the then unfashionable divorce. They removed to Ogden, Utah.

While in the Mormon city and when seventeen years old, Mrs. Kent took a second husband, in young Flavius Green.

the Tenth Cavalry of the United States regulars. She was then but twenty. Unpleasantly recurring memories of Flavius Green, on the part of the Ogdenites, made Mr. and Mrs. Church decide to leave Utah. "We led a roving life for fifteen years," the woman said to her attorney. She supplies no details of that time of Cain-like vagabondage. The end of the wanderings marked the death of the ex-soldier in 1888. His widow, with their nine children, went to Colorado Springs, where she soon married a miner named Albert Ross. Their mating proved an unhappy one, and she left him and secured a divorce.

Then came the event which is said to have made Mrs. Ross a hater of men.

Her story runs thus: "One day, in April, 1870, I was sitting in my cabin door in Colorado Springs when a man came along and wanted some work to do for his sup-

her because he deserted my mother when I was three years old. He had gone to Mexico and we never heard from him again. He had worn a heavy beard when I was a child, but when I met him at Colorado Springs he was smooth shaven. I thought of committing suicide when I learned that my father and the man I believed to be my husband were the same, and that he was the grandfather of my own child, a pretty little girl, which I carried in my arms while purloining him across the Rocky Mountains. Thank God, my mother was dead! He loved me, and I drove me almost mad, and I swore that I would never let any feeling but hatred for any man enter my heart again."

She was a widow for twenty-two years. Two years ago she married Joe Johnston, a man fifteen years younger than herself, at Lawrence, Kan. The tragedy of May 17 ensued.

"One morning, the Complaint Declares, She Ground Some Glass in a Coffee Mill and Mixed it with His Oatmeal."

RS. MARY SANDERSON is charged with having killed her husband, ex-Senator Rudolph Sanderson, by mixing ground glass with his porridge.

This young and pretty woman was the idol of her eighty-year-old husband. As an instance of this he would drink no coffee except what had been brewed by her fair hands, nor eat any food not thus prepared. He said it tasted better because of her touch.

So each morning she ground and scalded the coffee for his cup and cooked the oatmeal for his breakfast. One morning, the complaint declares, she ground some glass in the coffee mill and mixed it with his oatmeal in full view of the trustful old husband. He ate the oatmeal, and that day she was a widow.

She says she is innocent. They always do.

Mary Butterworth was a trained nurse. She was the prettiest and one of the most skilful nurses in Windsor, Ontario. It was in the discharge of her professional duties that she met Hon. Rudolph Sanderson, a man weighed with eighty years and the honors of service in the Legislatures of Vermont and Michigan. He had a fortune of a quarter of a million. The pretty nurse was interested in her distinguished patient, particularly when she learned that her school mate, Belle Sanderson, was his daughter.

"Belle died last Summer," said the father.

"How sad!" said the nurse, and tears filled her beautiful eyes.

They became warm friends that Summer at Windsor. When the ex-Senator returned to his home at Battle Creek, Mich., they corresponded. His letters betokened the shaking hand and the uncertain brain of senility; hers the firmness and dash of youth. May and December were drawing closer together. In the early Summer the Senator and the nurse were married.

Early in October the old man died. Short-

ly afterward his young widow was arrested, charged with his murder.

Marie Robertson, a servant whom Mrs. Sanderson had discharged, made the complaint, and she is the principal witness for the State.

"The old man and his wife quarrelled to me once, I can hardly tolerate him at my table."

"Another time she said, 'The old miser! Think of Winter coming on and being shut up within four walls with him! I know what I will do. I will give him ground glass. That will fix him.'"

"As she started down the stairway the prisoner turned to me and said: 'You will think this is awful, Marie, but I don't think any more of it than of eating my breakfast.'"

"I followed her and found her grinding the broken glass in an old coffee or spice

over it and handed it to Mr. Sanderson. "Mrs. Sanderson watched him and told me in a little while that the glass was taking effect. The old man complained of pains in his stomach."

If Marie Robertson is telling a falsehood she is preparing her way for the State's

This might be credited were it not for other corroborative and damning evidence. Chemists have found ground glass in Sanderson's body. His intestines were frightfully lacerated, and that condition unquestionably caused his death. An analysis made at Ann Arbor proved this.

If Mrs. Sanderson is guilty she has a relentless Nemesis in Onyx Adams, a brother of the first Mrs. Sanderson, and Lucius Sanderson, the dead man's brother. They are never absent from the trial. There is a fierce determination in their eyes that would make any but as stout or as hard a heart as the widow's quail.

Mr. Sanderson's will left all of his property to his adopted daughter, who has married, except a small amount to each of his brothers. The widow therefore receives only her dower right.

When these brothers came from the East to attend the funeral there were ugly stories afloat about the manner of Mr. Sanderson's death. Those most interested in ugly tales are usually the last to hear them, so the brothers returned to the East without a suspicion that their brother died from night but paralysis, as the family physician had said.

The discharged servant, Marie Robertson, told her story with a persistence that argued truth. At first the citizens of Battle Creek, who were fascinated by the handsome young widow, tried to cry her down. At last a banker, who had never considered the spell of Mrs. Sanderson's eyes, but who had been a friend of the ex-Senator in his youth, gave a heedful ear to the story. He sent for Onyx Adams. To him the servant repeated her story.

"Mrs. Sanderson laughed and chatted while the old man ate the porridge," said the maid.

Confirmation of the Robertson woman's story was gained by examining the body of Rudolph Sanderson. A jury of prominent business men was impaneled. They went to the graveyard one stormy night and by the flickering light of their lanterns uncovered the remains of the ex-Senator.

Mrs. Mary Sanderson, Widow of Michigan's Senator,



Rudolph Sanderson, Aged 80.

Mrs. Mary Sanderson, the Young Wife.

On Trial for Killing Her Husband with Ground Glass.

Mary Butterworth was a trained nurse. She was the prettiest and one of the most skilful nurses in Windsor, Ontario. It was in the discharge of her professional duties that she met Hon. Rudolph Sanderson, a man weighed with eighty years and the honors of service in the Legislatures of Vermont and Michigan. He had a fortune of a quarter of a million. The pretty nurse was interested in her distinguished patient, particularly when she learned that her school mate, Belle Sanderson, was his daughter.

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every day," she said. "It was always about money. She wanted more than he was willing to give her."

"Mrs. Sanderson spoke twice of poison, and said she would give Mr. Sanderson something that would kill him. She said

"The next morning Mrs. Sanderson took an old newspaper and went into the yard. She gathered some old bottles and brought them into the house. She broke them up with a hammer and then took a soup plate and started down in the cellar."

mill. Neither of us spoke.

"The next morning she placed some porridge in a saucer, and ground the glass again in the coffee mill to make sure of its being fine enough. She stirred the glass in the porridge and put cream and sugar

prison. If she is telling the truth she is still an accessory to the crime from the fact that she remained silent about it.

Mrs. Sanderson denies the story in toto. She ascribes the girl's action to revenge for being dismissed from her service.

Dunning, and had no feeling against her. I am not, and never was, in love with Mr. Dunning. I befriended him when he was in trouble and that is all. My son was very fond of him, and both of us believed that he was a true gentleman and that none of the things he is reported to have told the Delaware police officers against me is true.

"My relations to Mr. Dunning are those of a friend. I never wrote him love letters, nor has he written me such letters. "What possible motive could I have for poisoning his wife? He told me that she was a lovely woman, and that he thought more of her than he could tell.

"An Innocent Looking Box of Candy Took the Lives of Two Lovely Women and all but Murdered a Girl Child."

THE most absorbing criminal trial of the year is in progress in San Francisco.

Six months ago a vengeful arm stretched across the continent from the City of the Golden Gate to Dover. With an innocent looking box of candy it took the lives of two lovely women and all but murdered a girl child.

Now an arm is stretching across the continent from Dover to San Francisco. This time the purpose is not murder, but justice. A woman is menaced by punishment for the deed of six months ago, the murder of Mrs. Dunning and Mrs. Deane.

Fourteen witnesses have taken the five days' journey from Dover to San Francisco to testify at the great trial. San Francisco is thrilled with interest as it has

sympathy of an innocent and tender heart. Others say the tears were forced for the purpose of influencing the jury.

From which difference it may be inferred that psychology is not an exact science.

Mrs. Botkin is on trial for her life for the murder of Mrs. Dunning, the wife, and Mrs. Deane, the sister-in-law of J. P. Dunning, a newspaper man of Dover, Del. A box of candy in which arsenic had been cunningly mixed was the instrument of their death. The box bore the San Francisco postmark. It is alleged that it bore, also, the address of the victims in the handwriting of the accused woman.

Mrs. Botkin has been partially identified as the woman who bought the candy

of the Associated Press at San Francisco. Mrs. Botkin, he claims, objected to his going to Cuba on newspaper duty because she feared he would visit his family en route. He persisted in going to Cuba, and his first news from home was that of the tragedy.

kerchief. Only the jury, from their legal watch tower; the lawyers, and the newspaper people noticed the show of grief, and they were not unanimous as to why she wept.

"This is the only time there has been any change from Mrs. Botkin's politely bored

to the class of persons who enjoy distinction if it is only that of chief mourner at a funeral. Mrs. W. H. Durrant, who showed evident enjoyment of the gaze of the curious at her son's trial for murder, and who had two new dresses made for the occasion, has that quality in common with Mrs. Botkin. So, too, has Mrs. Payne Strahan Moore, who complained bitterly because she was not allowed to sit in court during the trial of herself and husband for "badgering." Mrs. Botkin has had photographs taken in one hundred different poses.

Despite the seeming strength of the case against her, Mrs. Botkin says she is confident of proving her innocence. She has given but one interview since her arrest. In that she declared her innocence, and

predicted that she would be acquitted.

"My friends, those to whom I have given the history of my life for years past, advise me that I ought at least to publicly assert my innocence. To those who know me and know that I am incapable of committing any such crime as has been laid at my door, I need say nothing. They will not believe a word against me. To strangers who may think the newspapers have made out a case against me I only ask what should be granted to every accused person—suspension of judgment until I have been heard in court.

"I am a woman, and almost defenceless. If given an opportunity I will prove my innocence, for I am innocent before God. "I did not know the wife of John P.

Mrs. Dunning.

Baby Dunning.

Mrs. Deane.



MRS. CORDELIA BOTKIN,



AND THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS



John P. Dunning. Little Miss Deane. Congressman Pennington.

never been before, not even by the double murder for which Theodore Durrant was hanged.

It is the most remarkable trial ever held on the Pacific coast, and millions on the Atlantic coast are following its progress with interest.

It is the trial of one woman for the murder of two others.

Witnesses of the trial are busy giving reasons why Mrs. Cordelia Botkin wept when she heard the death agonies of Mrs. J. P. Dunning and Mrs. J. D. Deane, her alleged victims by poison, described in court last week.

The spectators do not agree.

Some say a guilty conscience brought the few tearful tears to her eyes.

Some say the tears were prompted by the

which, with the addition of some home-made sweets containing the poison, had been sent to Dover.

Detectives and attorneys and Dunning himself say that the motive of the crime may have been jealousy, for Dunning admits that he was the lover of Mrs. Botkin.

From whispering honeyed words in her ear he has turned to calling her an "arch female fiend," and he has voluntarily gone to California, to work for her conviction. He hints that Mrs. Botkin made threats against the life of his wife and child in the days when he was enjoying Bohemian existence, unmindful of his duty as a husband and father. His family lived in Dover then, and he was the representative

ON TRIAL FOR MURDER BY POISON.

The trial has been in progress in the expression. She looks at Dunning as coolly as at any stranger in the court room. In her face there is no sign of a realization of the danger of her position.

She seems not averse to this star part in a tragedy which she is playing. She is excessively vain. She delights in posing before the camera. She appears to belong

decourously with her lace-trimmed hand-

woman to suffer, and I have faith in Him. I have read about innocent persons having been convicted upon circumstantial evidence, which afterward turned out to be misleading and untrue. But I shall try to bear up and meet whatever fate has in store for me, conscious in my heart that I am innocent and that the truth will in the end vindicate me."

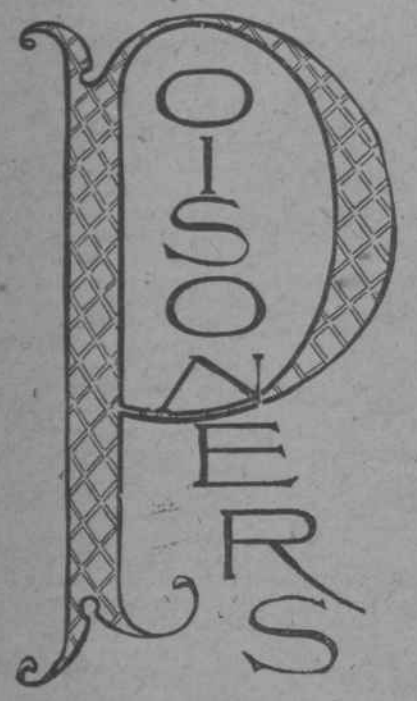
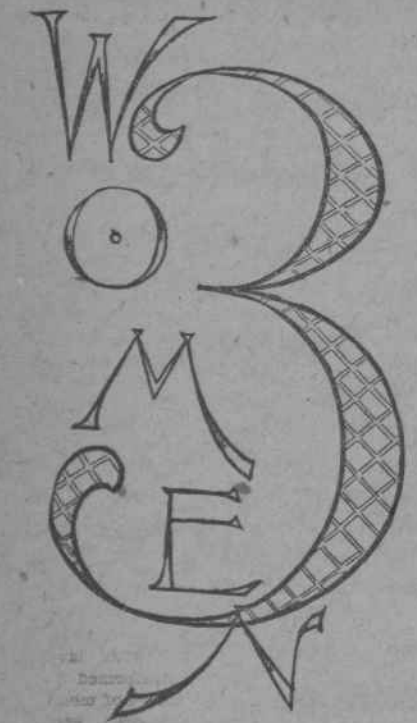
There is no suggestion of cant in Dunning's interview before the trial.

"It will be frightfully unpleasant, and I shall be put in a bad light, I know; but I'll show that female fiend up without any mercy. It is easier to have a man's past life thrown before the public presence in a distant country. I might have hesitated had it been in Dover, but in San Francisco nothing shall be held back."

predicted that she would be acquitted.

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"I am a woman, and almost defenceless. If given an opportunity I will prove my innocence, for I am innocent before God. "I did not know the wife of John P.



I. DID SHE POISON HER SIX HUSBANDS?

II. DID SHE KILL HER HUSBAND BY MIXING UP GROUND GLASS IN HIS PORRIDGE?

III. DID SHE POISON HER LOVER'S WIFE WITH CANDY?